

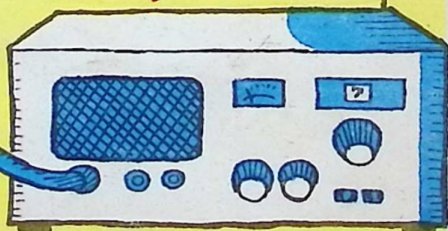
CB JOKES*

By GOOD BUDDIES DJ ARNESON and TONY TALLARICO

WHAT DO
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A STATE
TROOPER
STATIONED
AT THE
NORTH POLE?



A POLAR
BEAR!



* WITH **CB** GLOSSARY

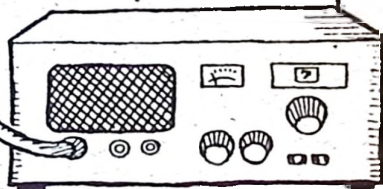
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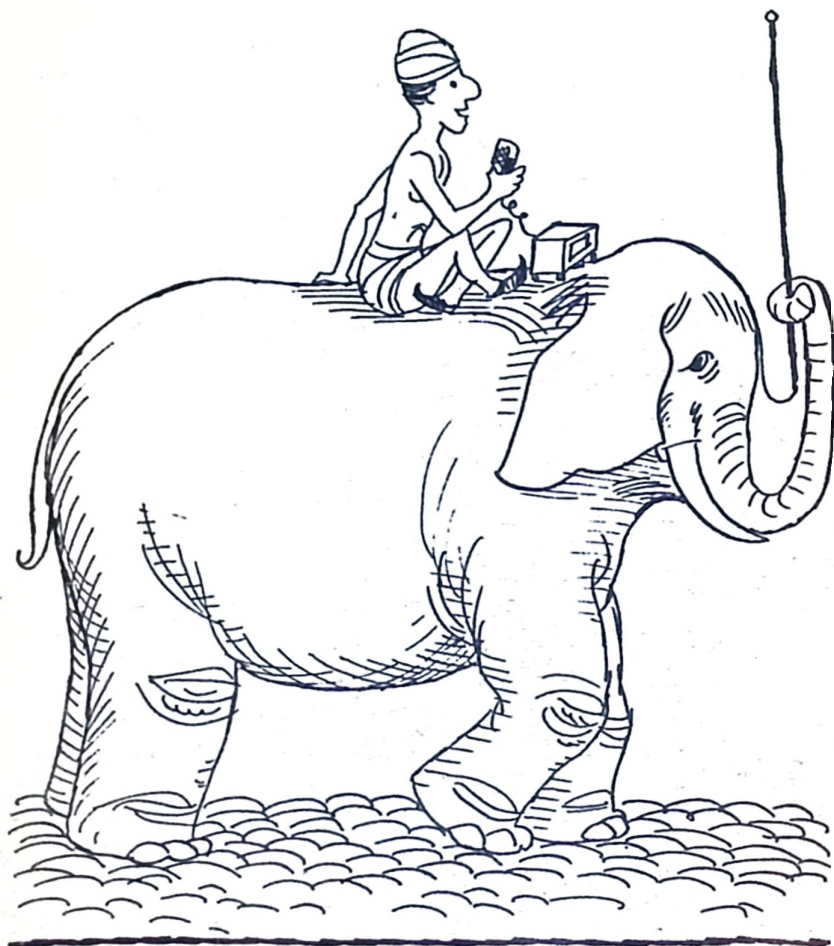
CHARLTON PRESS, INC.

Tube: What are you laughing at?

Boob: I just saw a rig* go by with its ears mounted on its trunk.

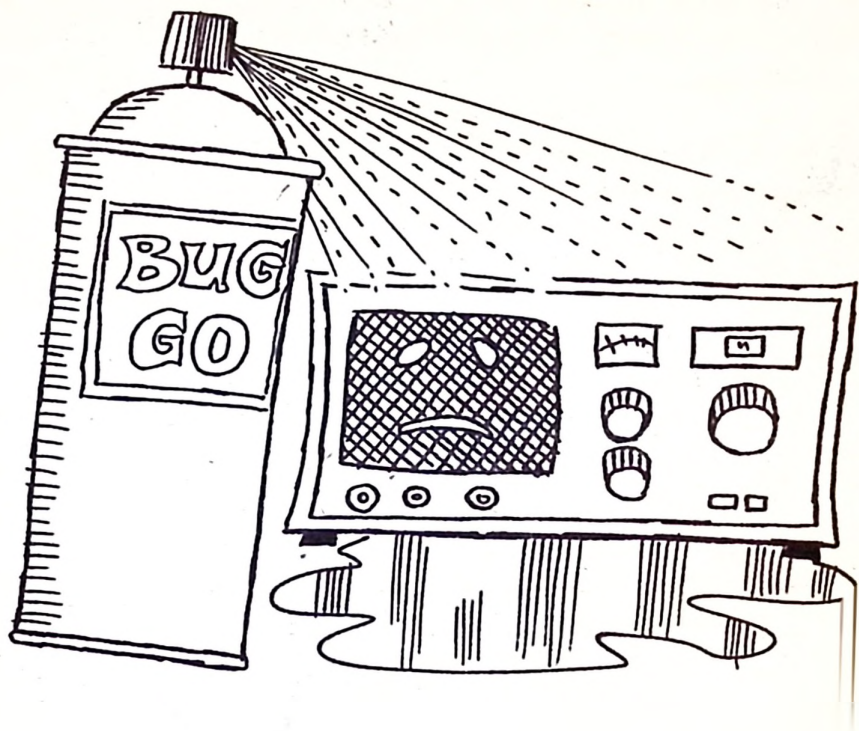
Tube: What's so funny about a truck like that?

Boob: Who said anything about a truck? It was an elephant.



Dangler: Do you ever use your CB set when you go fishing?

Angler: No, I prefer to use my rod and reel.



Vacuum Tube Tom walked into his local CB repair shop. He carried his ailing CB rig under his arm. He laid it on the counter and said to Fix-em Foster, "This CB set you sold me is no good. It won't work."

Fix-em took one look at the set and shook his head. "No wonder it won't work," he said gravely. "It's been sprayed full of sticky stuff."

"That's not sticky stuff," Vacuum Tube Tom said. "That's insecticide."

"Insecticide!" shouted Fix-em Foster. "Whatever gave you the idea to spray a brand-new CB radio with insecticide?"

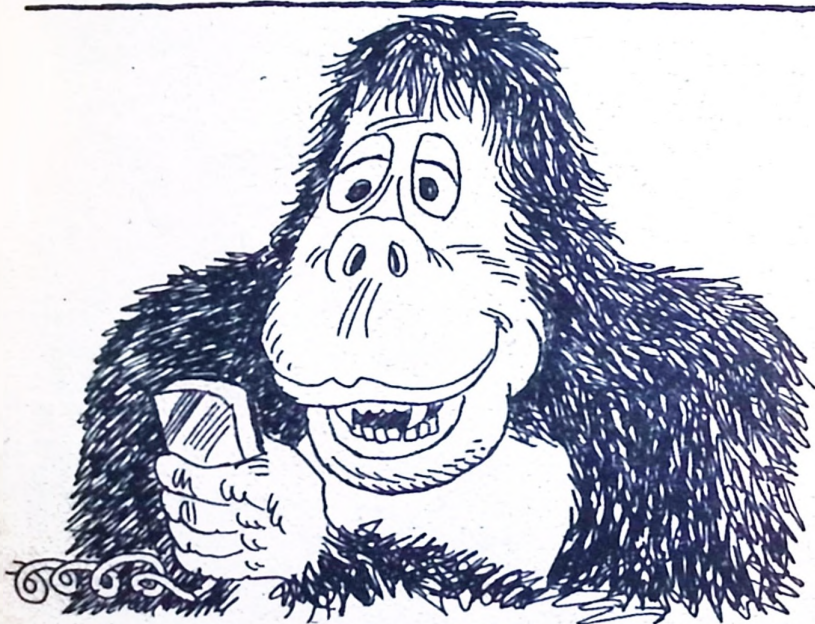
"You did. You told me yourself there might be a few bugs in it so I decided to get rid of them myself!"

Frantic Voice on CB: Quick! Send someone down to the river. Joe Jones just fell through the ice!

Concerned CB'er: My goodness! How did he come to fall in?

Frantic Voice: He didn't come to fall in, dummy. He came to skate!

A motorist was having trouble with his CB rig. He couldn't get the thing to work. He pounded and pounded on it, but nothing seemed to help. Just then he stopped at a toll booth. "Fifty cents," the toll -taker said. "Sold!" the motorist shouted and ripped out the radio and handed it to the man.



Father: A word of warning about your new CB. Never, never pound on your chest with the radio on.

Son: And what happens if I do?

Father: That's the ape call. If somebody with the handle King Kong answers, hang up.

Boom: We've got three antennas at our house.

Boom Boom: That's not so crowded. Once we had four Uncle Bills and three Aunt Ellas at our house.

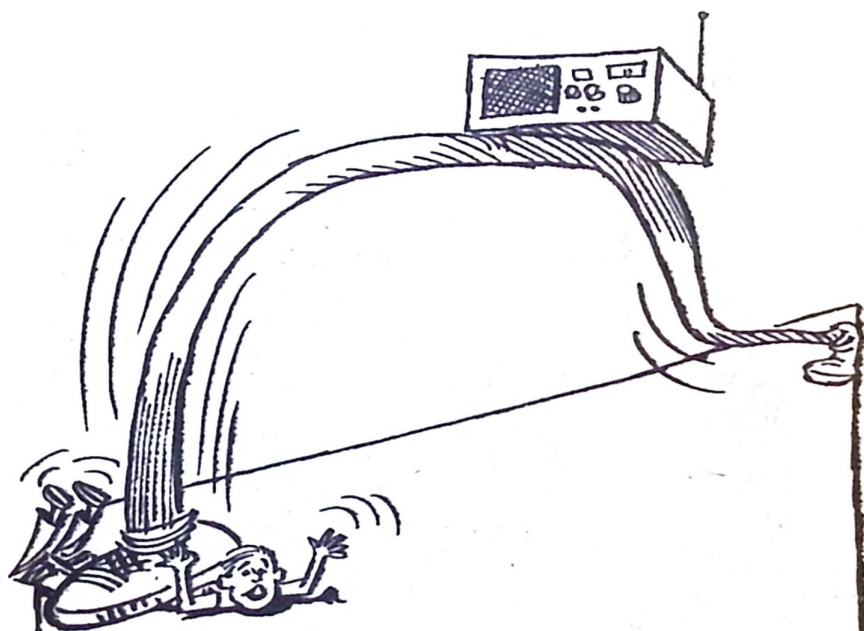
Thelma: Two of my friends are CB'ers. One calls herself Deer, the other's handle is Antelope. Playing with their radios all day long keeps them happy.

Velma: How do you know it keeps them happy?

Thelma: I've never heard a discouraging word when the Deer and the Antelope play.

Nudnik: What's the best way to get Mars on a CB set?

Spudnik: Take it out of the wrapper and let it melt.



Orin: Why do you call your CB set "The Bionic Radio"?

Ivan: It's so strong it can step on someone ten miles away.

**Why do you call your
dad "CB"?**

**Because he doesn't give
me any static when I
stay up late watching
TV.**



A bear on a two-wheeler* stopped a four-wheeler going the wrong way on a one-way street. "And just where do you think you're going?" the bear asked.

The driver of the four-wheeler scratched his head for a moment. "I was going to work but I must have overslept longer than I thought because everybody's already coming back."

Did you hear about the kid who called his dad "Base Station" because he had such big ears?



Dad to Son: What would you like for your birthday?

Son: A super transistorized 40-channel, 4-watt CB set with a power mike and a pre-amplified rotating beam antenna.

Dad: Would you settle for two tin cans and a long piece of string?



Mister Quiz: What has 40 channels, big ears and is full of cement?

Black-Out: I don't know, what?

Mister Quiz: A CB radio.

Black-Out: What was the cement for?

Mister Quiz: I just threw in the cement to make it hard.

Delphi: What do you call a talkative CB'er on a chair?

Mavis: I give up, what?

Delphi: Chicago.

Mavis: Chicago? Why?

Delphi: Because he's a "windy sittee."

Did you hear about the auctioneer who was always being arrested by the bears for talking more than a mile a minute?

Teacher: Who can define aerialist?

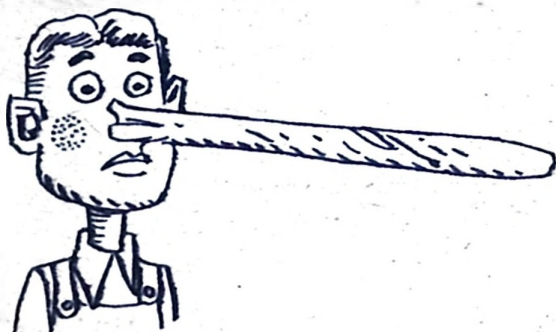
CB Sam: 10-4, teacher. An aerialist is the guy at the CB store who keeps a list of all the aerals.

Trucker Boss: What are you doing back here? You're supposed to be in Chicago.

Rubber Duck: I heard someone on the C.B. call for the Rubber Duck and then they said "Bring it on back*"!

CB Sak: Why don't you ever use the new CB set in your car?

Green Apple*: Every time I drive out of my garage the extension cord pulls out.



Why do you have to shout when you call Pinocchio on your CB?

If you didn't, he "wooden ear" you.

**Why are you stuffing
carrots into your CB?**

**I want to find out if
they're as good for your
ears as they are for your
eyes.**



**Did you hear about the man who, when he got married,
took out a CB license instead of a wedding license so it
would be illegal for his wife to talk more than 5 minutes at
a time?**

CB Nut: What do you call a CB'er who loses his license?

CB Nothing: I give up. What do you call him?

CB Nut: A Van Gogh, because his ears* are cut off.

Lem: What's the worst thing you can do if you're stopped by a bear*?

Clem: Try to bribe him with a pot of honey.



Highway Rider: If a big truck in front is called a front door and a big truck in back is called a back door, what do you call a Volkswagen stuck in between them?

Slow Walker: A trapped door.

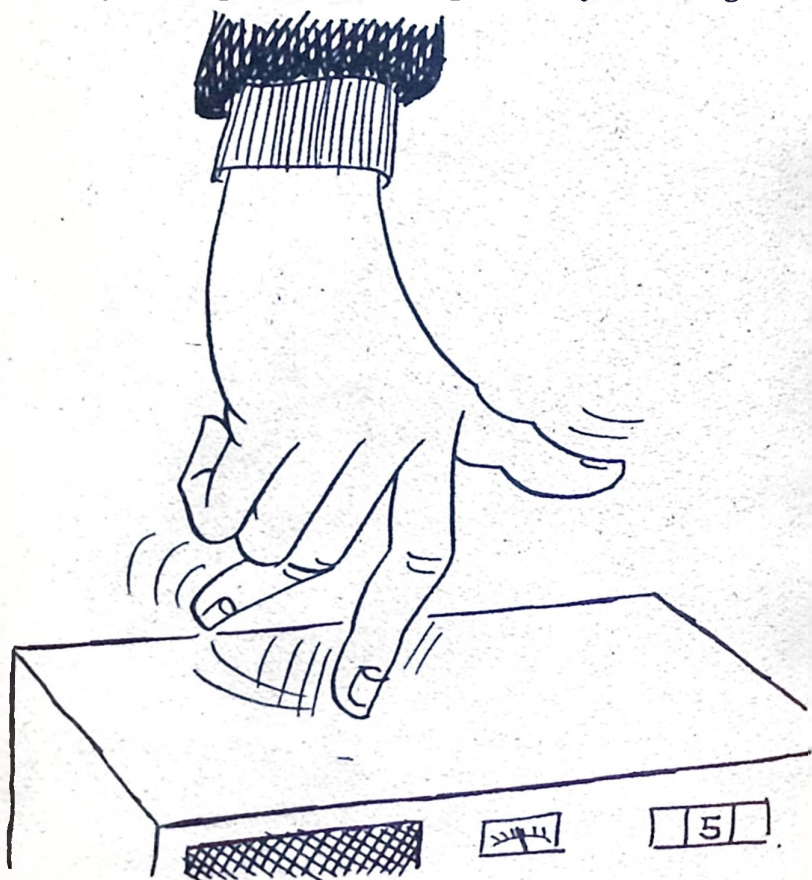


Mini Mike: Why isn't it a good idea to use a CB radio on a tennis court?
Mighty Mike: It's hard to hear anything because of the tennis racquet.

Two brothers had one CB set between them. The older brother's handle was Fingers, and the younger brother's was Pages. Once Pages got an electric shock when he turned on the CB set. He was afraid to use it after that. The boys' mother went to a CB expert to learn about CB's so that she could explain to Pages why he shouldn't be afraid. She told the expert that Fingers wasn't frightened of the CB set but that her youngest boy was terrified. In fact he was downright yellow.

The CB expert thought for a while and then came up with a brilliant solution. Do you know what he told the mother?

"Let your Fingers do the talking for the yellow Pages."





Frantic CB'er: Emergency! Emergency!

ALERT* Monitor: Be calm and tell me exactly what the emergency is.

Frantic: Every time I plug in my CB set, sparks jump out of it at me.

ALERT Monitor: Great Scott! That's awful.

Frantic: What should I do?

ALERT Monitor: Take your CB down to the ocean immediately and throw it in.

Frantic: Won't that make even more sparks?

ALERT Monitor: Sparks? I thought you said sharks.

Worried CB'er: The speaker on my rig sounds awful.

Doctor Seebee: Hmm, und vat zeems to be der trouble?

Worried: It's very rough, Doc. What should I do?

Doctor SeeBee: Have it gargle mit some Listerine und call me in der morning.



Some Kid: What's your dad so mad about?

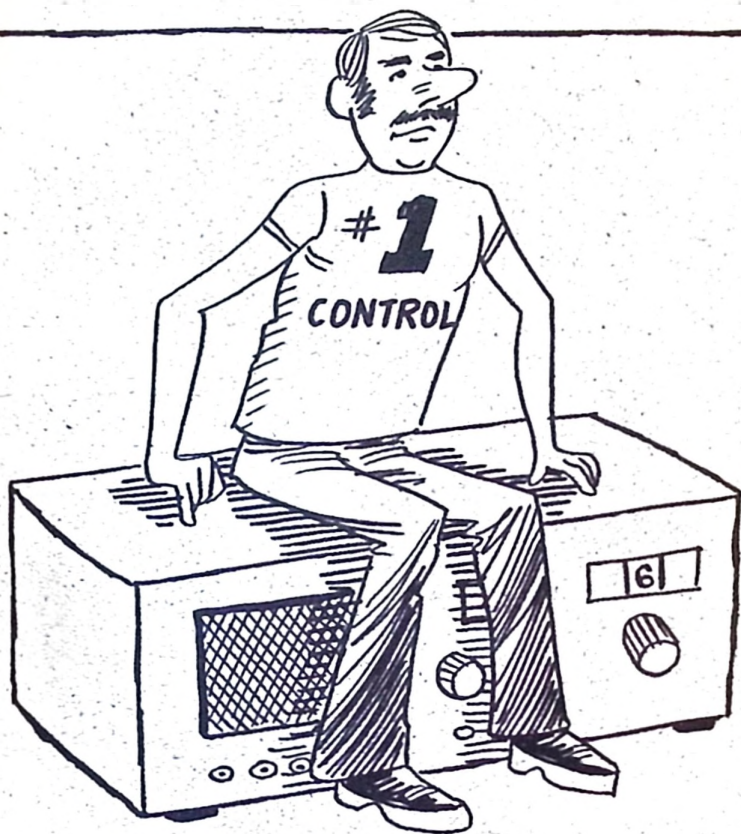
Dumb Kid: He grounded me because I ran over his toe with my rollerskate*.

Some Kid: Gosh, the way he's hollering you'd think it weighed a thousand pounds.

Dumb Kid: It did. I had the football team in it at the time.

Famous Astronomer: The Great Bear is also known as the Big Dipper. What's another name for this famous constellation?

Black Out: A Bear in the Air?



CB Simon: These new CB sets are so complicated you have to be an electronics expert to figure them out.

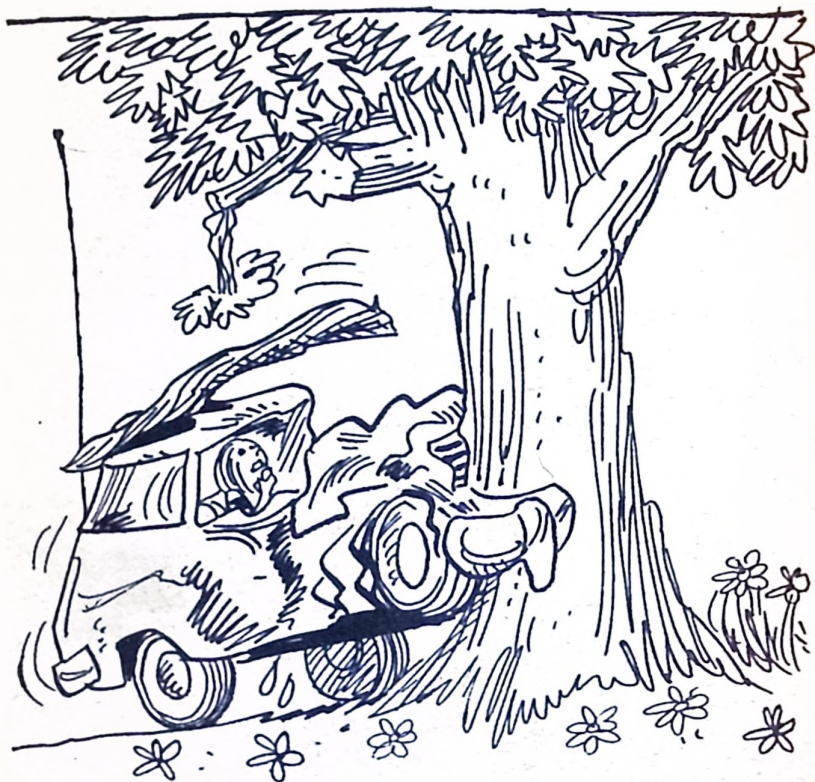
Simple Simon: Not if you have one like I do. It has only one control.

CB Simon: Only one control? What is the control called?

Simple Simon: My dad.

Curious Dad: Do you mean to tell me that you've been sitting there for over an hour listening to static?

CB Son: Static? I thought that was my History teacher giving a lecture over his CB set.



Mobile Molly: Emergency! Emergency! I just smashed into a tree with my car.

Base Station Bill: Shall I send a wrecker for your car?

Mobile Molly: He'd be wasting his time. My car's already wrecked. But you might send a tree surgeon with a wheelchair.

Base Station Bill: A tree surgeon with a wheelchair? Are you hurt?

Mobile Molly: No. But the tree has a couple of broken limbs.

Grease monkey: Why do you call a car that's always being repaired a "CB car"?

Ace Mechanic: Because it's always going ... breaker ... breaker ... breaker...

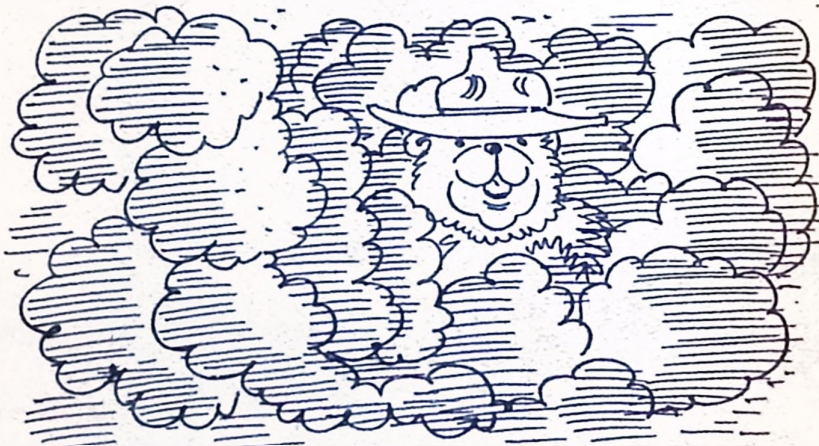




Famous Artist: When is a CB radio like me, the world's foremost miniature still-life artist?

Art Critic: I give up. When is a CB radio like a miniature still-life artist?

Famous Artist: When it draws a little "currant".



Trucker: Breaker, one-nine. Smokey the Bear is in the trees near Exit 86.

Radar Dodger: Is he chasing speeders?

Trucker: Nope. He's too busy stamping out forest fires.

"Lemme talk, lemme talk, lemme talk," the little pest whined over and over again to his big brother, who was trying to call a friend on his CB.

The big brother ignored the little nuisance as long as he could. At last he gave in. "Look, Irving, if I let you talk just once, will you leave me alone?"

"I promise," the pest answered. He greedily took the mike in his hands and held it in front of his mouth. He was silent for a long, long time, increasing his brother's upset. "What should I say, what should I say, what should I say?" he asked over and over again.

The big brother was at the end of his patience. He took a scrap of paper and a pencil and scribbled some words which he handed to little Irving. "Here, read this," he said with a mischievous smile.

Irving began reading from the paper into the open mike. "Cocka doodle doo, quack quack, gobble gobble, peep peep," he read enthusiastically.



Suddenly the door flew open and two men from the FCC entered. They grabbed little Irving by the arms and took him away.

"Too bad the little creep didn't know it's illegal to broadcast 'fowl' language over the air," the big brother smiled as he called his friend in peace.



Lawbreaker Louie: I've got a CB base antenna that's 120 feet tall.

Righteous Richard: But that's against the law. The maximum height allowed is 60 feet above the ground. Aren't you afraid Uncle Charley* will catch you?

Lawbreaker Louie: They'll never catch me; I'm too smart.

Righteous Richard: How can you stop them from finding out?

Lawbreaker Louie: I buried the first half in the ground.

A young boy walked into a CB repair shop. "Do you put CB base antennas down?" he asked.

The repairman smiled at the lad. "You mean put CB antennas *up*, don't you?"

"No, I don't," replied the boy.

"Now, just how is somebody supposed to put a CB antenna *down*?" the annoyed repairman asked.

"I don't know," the boy answered with a worried look, "but that's what my dad sent me here to find out because he's stuck up on top of ours, and if I don't find someone who knows how to put a CB antenna down pretty quick, the FCC's gonna bust* him for using an illegal rig."



**I'm sorry to hear that
your uncle had a big
shock. How did it
happen?**

**He tried to clean his
ears in the shower.**



**Rudy: What do you get when you cross a CB set with a
pear?**

Fruity: A pear in the air.

**Why is your CB handle
"Mission Impossible"?**

**Because every time a
girl calls me I get so ner-
vous I self - destruct.**

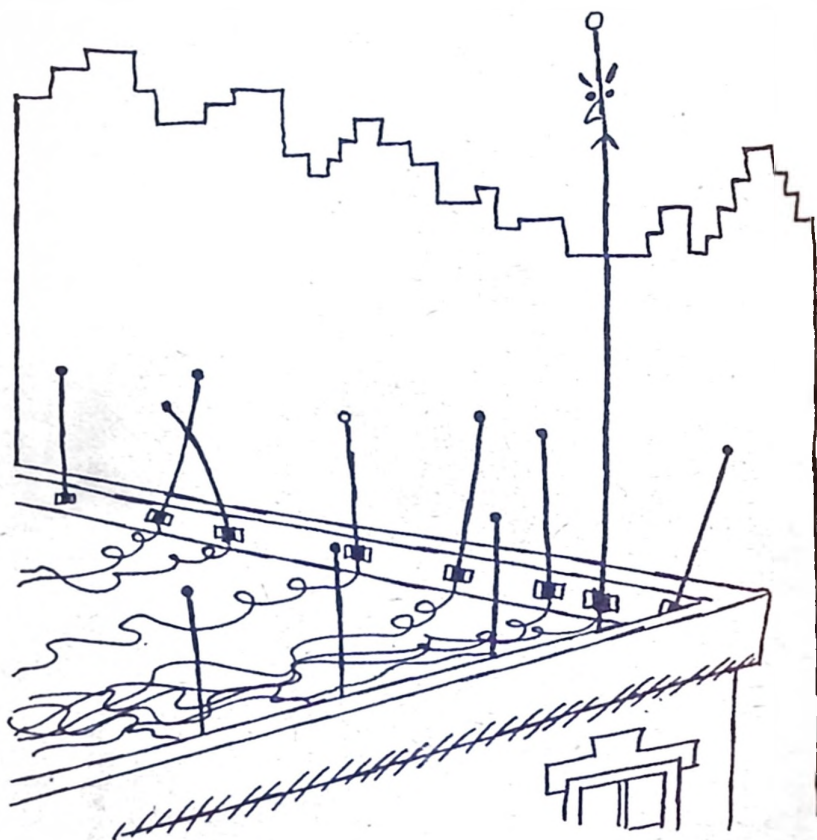


Bigfoot: Why should aunts never use a CB radio?

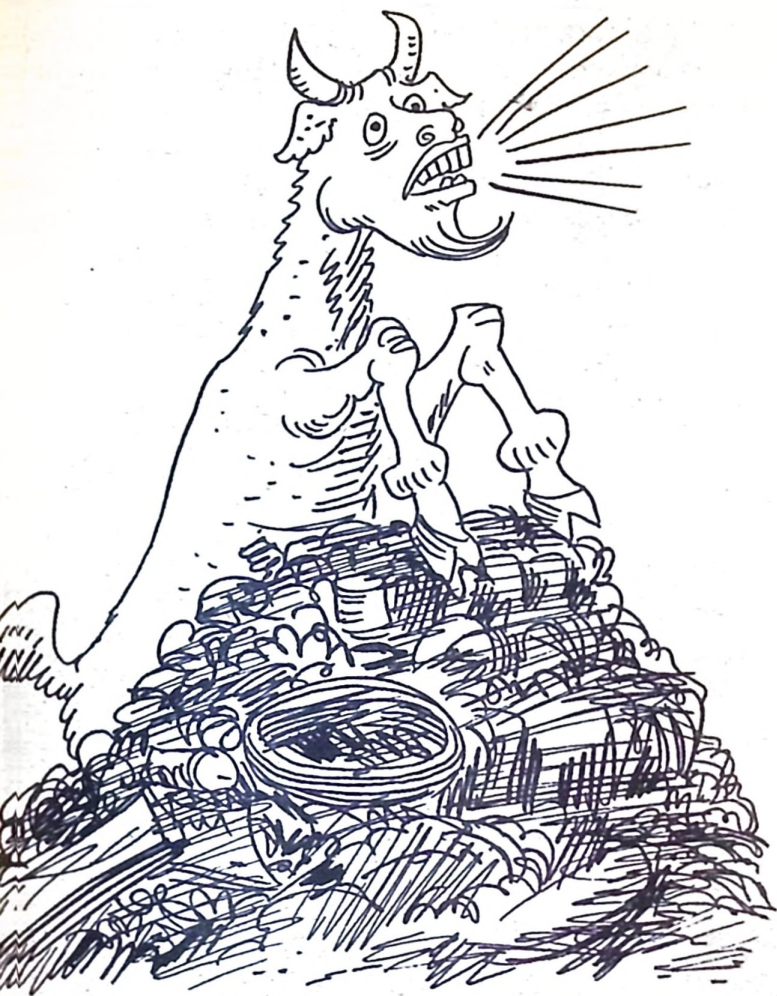
Barefoot: Because it's not nice to step on* aunts.

"This is amazing," the teacher said, as she returned homework papers to her class. "Every one of you got a perfect paper. I can't imagine that ever happening again."

"I can," a student in the back of the class whispered to another. "The next time 'Brains' McCallister leaves his CB mike in his room keyed* while he reviews his answers out loud."



A 102-inch whip antenna was newly installed on the roof of an apartment house. There were dozens of short antennas already there. The newcomer stretched himself to his full height, looked down on all the little rods and said, "Don't mess with me because I can whip any wand on the house."



A herd of goats was munching at a garbage dump. Suddenly one of them climbed to the top of a small hill and began talking a mile a minute.

"What on earth got into him?" a curious goat asked his neighbor.

"It's nothing," answered the second goat. "He just ate his first CB license. He'll quit talking as soon as the novelty wears off."

CB Wizard: What's the difference between leaving your radio on all night and putting your radio in the kitchen sink?

Dim Bulb: That's what I'd like to know.

CB Wizard: Leaving your radio on all night puts a drain on the radio and putting your radio in the kitchen sink puts your radio on the drain.



Electro Nut: What does a mean CB'er do with a whip antenna when he's not modulating*?

Weak Signal: Beats me.

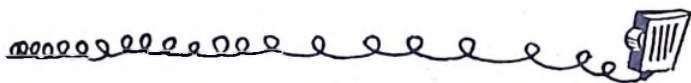
Electro Nut: He does? He should be arrested for cruelty to dumb animals.

Back Door: Breaker*, breaker, one nine. What's slowing down traffic?

Front Door: There's a wreck on the side of the road that all the truckers are slowing down to look at.

Back Door: How bad a wreck is it?

Front Door: To tell you the truth, good buddy, if she'd comb her hair, put on some lipstick and smile, she wouldn't look half bad to me.



George's girlfriend looked out the car window at the heavy stream of traffic coming at them. "I think you'd better turn on the CB radio, George," she said with a worried frown.

George obediently flicked the switch on his rig and asked for a 10-13*. "You'd better keep your eyes open good buddy", came back the reply. "There's some idiot driving the wrong way on this one-way street."

George thought for a while, and then keyed* his mike "Is this idiot driving a blue car?" he asked.

"10-4", answered the voice on the CB.

"And is this idiot wearing a red shirt?" George asked.

"That's a big 10-4, good buddy," was the comeback*.

"And is he waving at all the cars going in the right direction?" George inquired, as he waved at the stream of oncoming cars.

"Hey, that's a real big 10-4," was the reply.

"And does this idiot have his girlfriend riding with him?" George asked nervously.

"That's a negatory*, good buddy. He's all by his lonesome."

"Whew!" George exclaimed. "That's a relief. For a minute there I thought I was the idiot, didn't you, Jane? ... Jane?"

**What vegetable do you
think of when you hear
someone on the CB
who talks and talks and
talks?**

I give up, what?



"Gabbage".



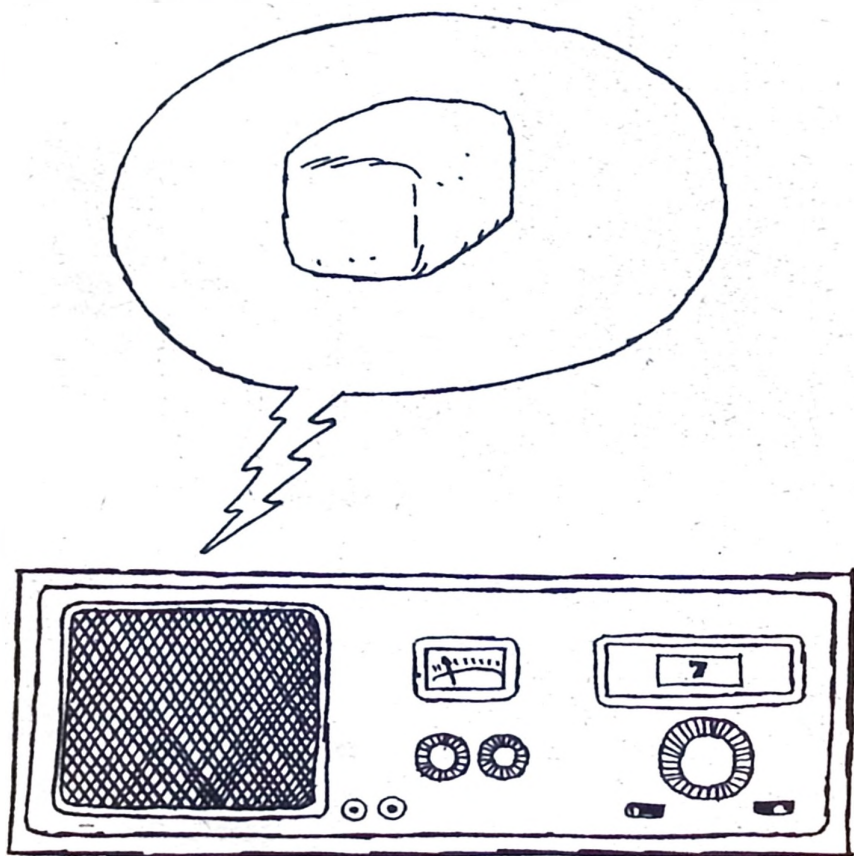
Courteous Trucker: Hey, good buddy! Your rear brakes are smoking. Did you leave your emergency brake on?
Cautious Motorist: Why certainly I left it on. You never know when there'll be an emergency.

Out of town CB: I'm on the corner of Broadway and 45th Street. What's the best way to get to Carnegie Hall for a piano recital?

New York City CB: Practice.

Girl CB'er: I'd love to hear you say something soft and sweet to me over your CB, Bob.

Bashful Bob: Gulp. Marshmallow.

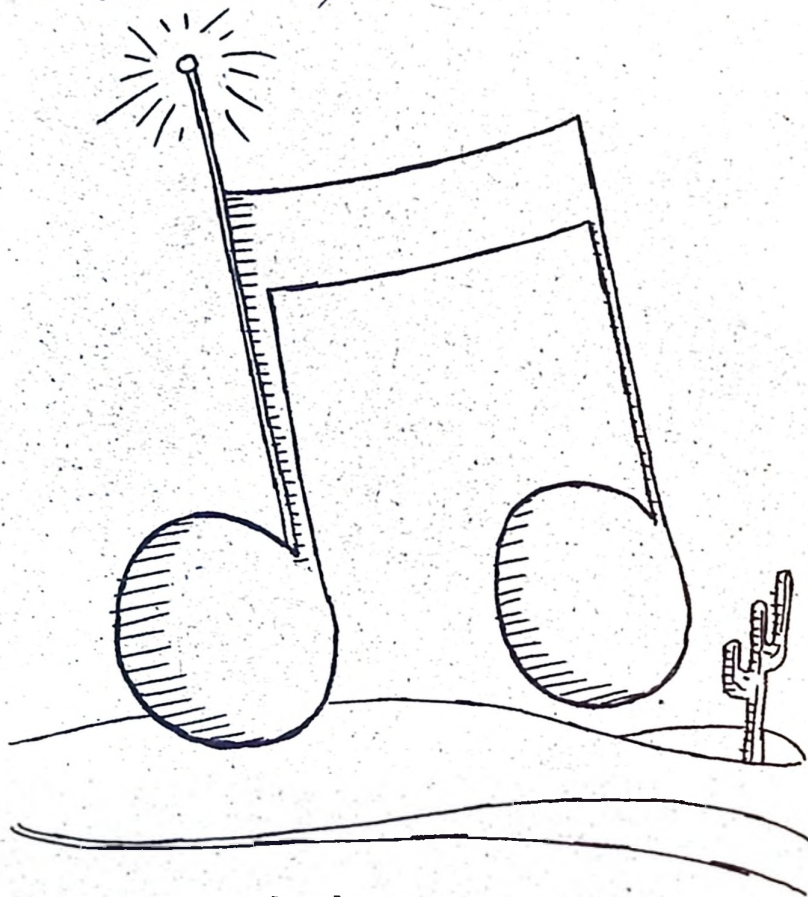


Voice over Walkie Talkie: Help! Help! Someone please answer.

2nd Walkie Talkie Voice: 10-4, I hear you.

First Voice: Thank goodness! I've been lost out here in the woods for two days. I was about to give up hope.

2nd Voice: Don't get too excited, good buddy. I've been lost out here for two weeks.



Ohms: Breaker, breaker.

Wattson: Who's there?

Ohms: Barry.

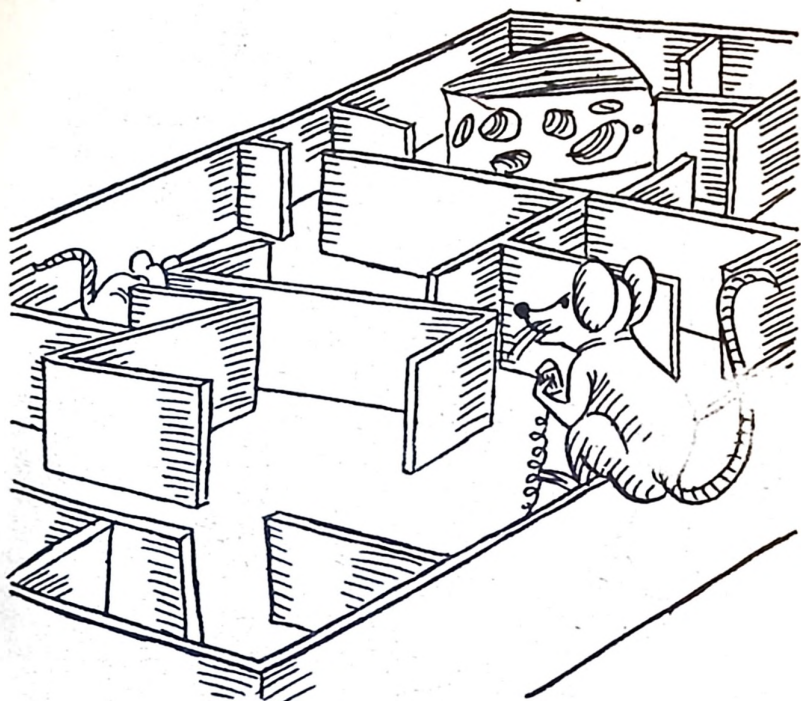
Wattson: Barry who?

Ohms: "Barry" me not on the lone prairie.

**What do you
recommend to clean the
dials on my CB radio?**

**Why, Dial Soap,
naturally.**





A scientist was doing an experiment with rats. He put the rats in one end of a maze. He put a piece of cheese at the other end. The rats found the cheese every time. He observed them closely. He noticed one big rat which jumped up on the side of the maze so he couldn't see the cheese. The other rats mysteriously headed straight for the cheese. "I believe they're using mental telepathy!" he exclaimed. "I'm sure to win a Nobel Prize for this experiment."

A few weeks later, a friend saw him standing very dejectedly outside his lab. "What's the trouble?" the friend asked.

"I've lost my chance at the Nobel Prize," the scientist said. "Those little cotton pickers* weren't using mental telepathy at all. That big Mickey Mouse had a CB set all the time!"

First Trucker: Hey, good buddy, what's your handle?

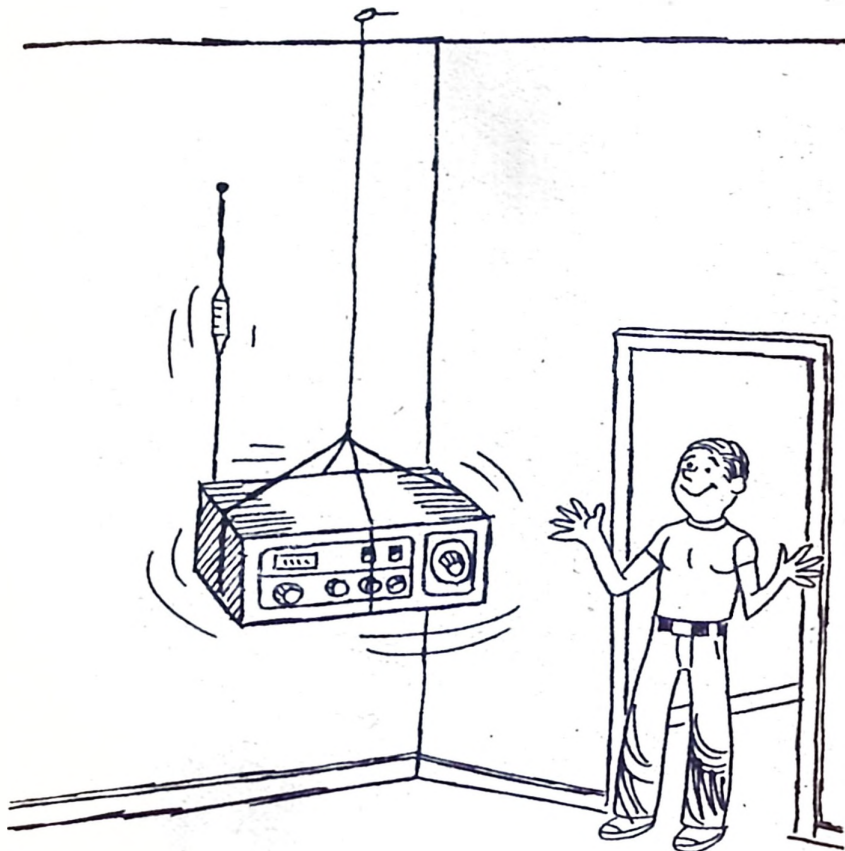
Second Trucker: The Jolly Green Bean Get Up and Go Machine from Talahassee Town.

First Trucker: Whew! That's some handle. Wouldn't it be easier to use your real name?

Second Trucker: Negatory, good buddy. That's even longer.

First Trucker: What is it?

Second Trucker: Myles Long.



Did you hear about the green apple* who hung his new CB rig on a wire from the ceiling because the instructions said it was a mobile?



General Custer stood up in his stirrups and looked around. His cavalry troop waited quietly behind him as he put a CB mike to his lips and whispered into it.

"I've got a military convoy on a westbounder," he said softly into the mike. "Is there anybody up ahead who can give me an Indian report?"

There was a brief pause. Then a voice crackled over his rig.

"C'mon, good buddy," the voice said. "You got a clean shot all the way to the Little Big Horn so put the spurs to them curs, what 'cha waitin' fer?"

Custer smiled a devilish smile. "That's a big 10-4, good buddy. This is General Custer, and I'm gone!"

"You sure are gone," the voice crackled softly so that no one could hear, "because this is Sitting Bull."

Radio Ray: Why are rabbit ears antennas no good on CB sets?

Radio Mike: Because they keep hopping from channel to channel.



Student: Our principal keeps a CB set in a desk drawer.

Stew: That's nothing, our principal keeps a CB in a mushroom.

Student: In a mushroom? How does he do that?

Stew: He leaves it in the cafeteria.

Crash Victim: Breaker, breaker! Someone call me an ambulance.

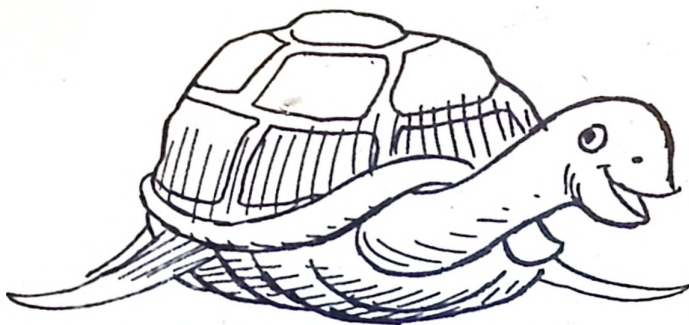
Sleepy CB: O.K., good buddy, you're an ambulance.



Excited Boy on Base Station: Mummpff glummpff fmpff.

Fussy Father on Mobile Radio: I've told you not to talk on the radio so fast, Now don't you say another word until I count to 10, and then repeat what you're calling about very slowly so I can understand. One ... two ... three ... four ... five ... six ... seven ... eight ... nine ... ten. Now you can talk. What is it?

Excited Boy: The ... house ... is ... on ... fire!



Sad Sally: Boo hoo. I've lost my pet turtle.

Wise William: Why don't you put out a call on your CB?

Sad Sally: What good would that do. He doesn't have ears.



A trucker went to a plastic surgeon.

"I need help, Doc," he said. "I've got one arm that's 6 inches longer than the other."

"Hmm," the doctor mused, "so I see."

"Can you help me, Doc?" the worried trucker asked.

The doctor didn't say anything. He stepped into the next room. He returned in a moment with his black bag.

"Oh, my gosh, Doc!" the trucker cried out. "Are you going to cut 6 inches off my arm?"

"No," the doctor answered, pulling a screwdriver from his bag, "I'm going to move your CB rig 6 inches closer to the wheel."



The trucker pulled into a roadside diner recommended over his CB. "Is your coffee strong?" he asked in a burly, tough-guy voice.

"That depends on what you call strong coffee," the pretty young waitress said with a smile, "but if you'd like to try some, I'll cut you a slice."

A little boy went with his father to an electronics show. The boy was amazed that everything was so tiny. "How can they make CB radios so small?" he asked.

"That's because they're transistorized," the father replied.

"And how can they make space satellites so small?" the boy asked.

"It's because they're transistorized," was the answer.

Each time the boy asked a question the answer was always the same: "Because it's transistorized."

"Well, if everything can be made small because of transistors," the boy said, after thinking for a long time, "why doesn't someone invent a transistorized school?"

"A transistorized school? What good would that be?"

The boy hiked himself up to his full height. "Right now maybe not so good, but in a couple of years, who would fit?"



A little boy's voice stepped on channel 9. "This is Johnny Jones, and I want to..."

Before he could finish, an alert REACT monitor* stepped on him. "How old are you, Johnny?" he asked sternly.

"Ten," Johnny replied.

"Well, Johnny, as you know, FCC regulations require that anyone using a CB transceiver has to be 16 to get a license. I think you'd better wait until you're old enough, don't you?"

"O.K.," Johnny said quietly, and went off the air.

Six years later the same man was monitoring channel 9, when a familiar voice broke.

"This is Johnny Jones," the voice said.

The monitor recognized him immediately. "Well, Johnny, don't you feel a lot better doing things right?"

"I sure do," Johnny replied.

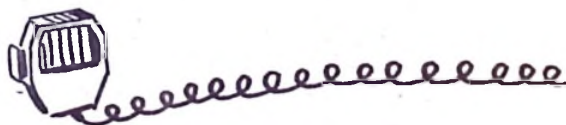
"What were you fooling around with that CB for way back then, Johnny?" the man asked.

"Well, my dad was down in the basement fixing the wiring, and he grabbed a live wire and fell into a puddle of water and started flopping around like a fish."

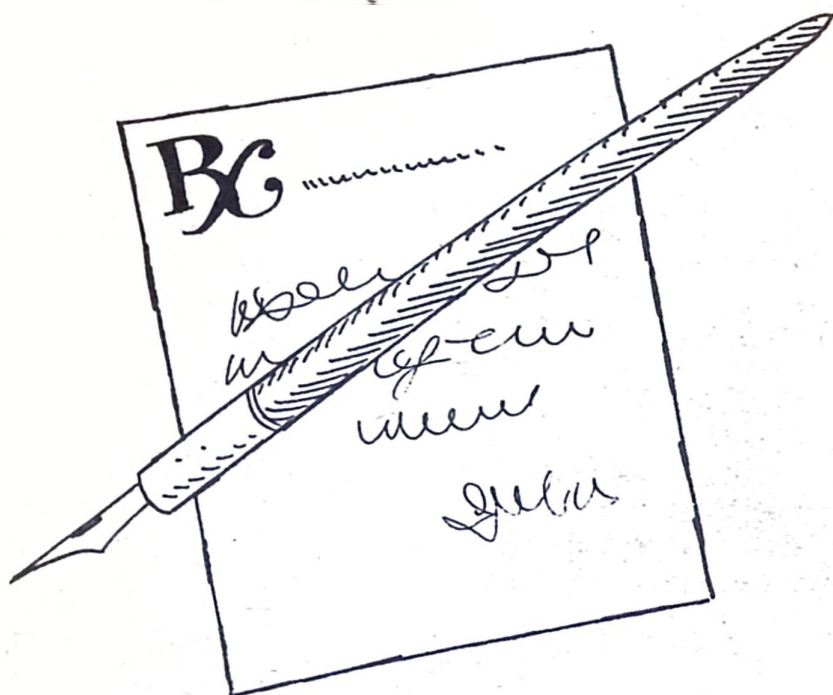
"My gosh!" the surprised REACT monitor said. "What did you do?"

"Nothing," Johnny answered. "He's still down there flopping around because I didn't know how to turn off the electricity. That's what I'm calling about. How do I turn off the electricity?"

There was a pause. Then the REACT man replied very solemnly, "Well, Johnny, as you know, the electrician's union requires that only a licensed electrician is permitted to..."



Did you hear about the man who had so many children that the FCC gave him a channel of his own?



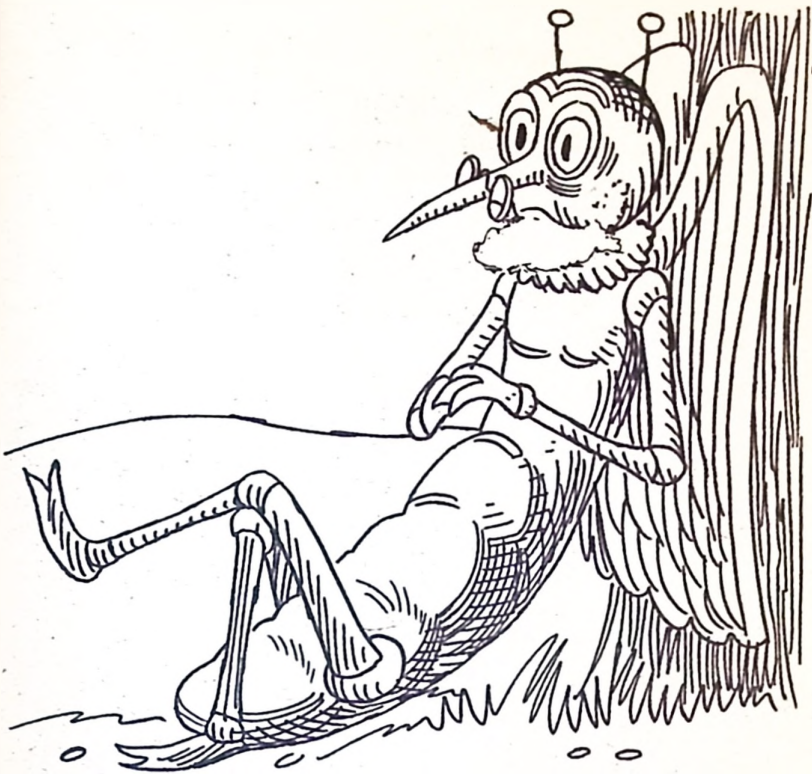
Linda was being constantly annoyed by her big brother. One day she became desperate. She went to the doctor. "What can I do to get rid of my big brother so he doesn't bother me any more?"

The doctor rubbed his brow. Then he took his pen and wrote on a prescription blank. He handed Linda the prescription.

"I ... I didn't mean I wanted to poison him or anything," she stammered.

"What poison?" the doctor laughed. "You take that prescription to your local Radio Shack and have them fill it. Believe me you won't see your brother again."

Linda looked at the prescription. It said, "One CB radio. Use daily after school."



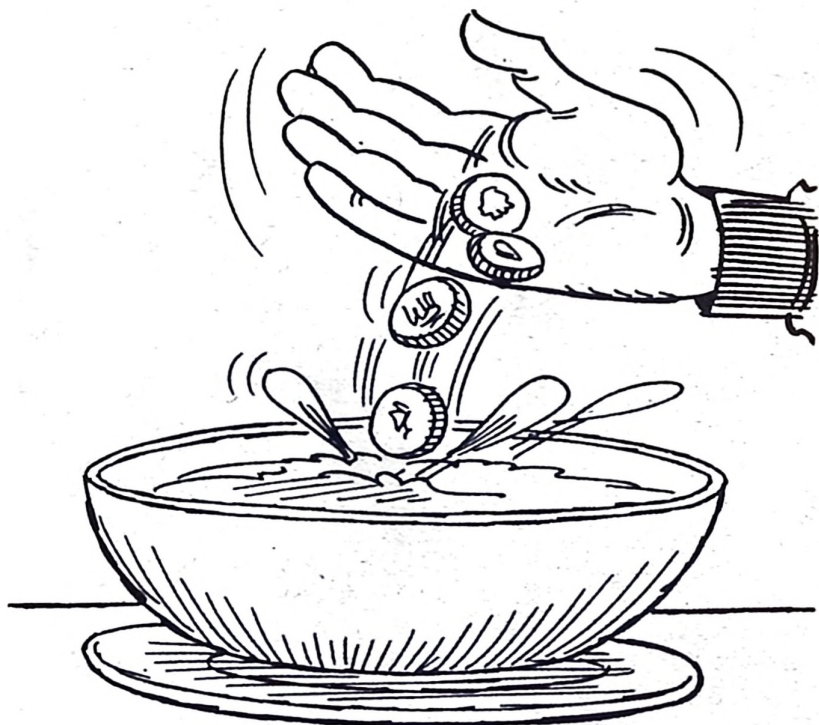
A very old, gray-bearded bug was sitting by the side of the road near Exit 10 on an Interstate Highway watching a steady stream of younger bugs attempting to fly across the busy road to the other side. Less than 10 per cent made it. The rest were squashed against the windshields of passing vehicles.

A young bug stepped up to the older bug's side. "You've been crossing this highway for years and have never been hit by a speeding car. How do you do it?" he asked.

"It's quite simple," the old bug replied. "Just watch." With that, he extended his antennae high into the air and began speaking into his hand. "Breaker, breaker, good buddies. Back off the hammer* there; you got a bear taking pictures* at Exit 10," he said. Then he unfolded his wings and flew across the suddenly deserted highway.

First Truck Driver: Hey, why did you just put a handful of coins in your soup?

Second Truck Driver: I heard a good buddy on the CB to-day say that a little change in your diet was good for you.



Motorist on CB: I'm stopped at Route 2 and 13. How far is it to the next town?

Voice on CB: It's 10 miles as the crow flies.

Motorist: How far is it if the crow has to roll a flat tire?

Long-Winded: I was on my CB for over two hours yesterday.

Longer-Winded: That's nothing. I was on my CB for over 8 hours last night.

Long-Winded: How did you manage that?

Longer-Winded: I put it under my pillow.



A television quiz contestant selected CB Radio as his subject. He was very nervous as the MC opened the envelope of questions.

"The first question, for \$2,500: Which channel reminds you of truck drivers?"

"That's easy," the contestant answered. "Channel number 19."

"Correct," the quizmaster shouted. "And now, for \$5,000: Which channel reminds you of firemen?"

The contestant scratched his head and thought for a moment. Then he smiled. "Channel number 9."

"That's right!" the quizmaster said. "And now, for \$25,000: Which channel reminds you of beautiful girls?"

The contestant thought for a long, long time. He was stumped. Then his nose began to tickle as he caught the scent of expensive perfume. He relaxed. "I know," he said. "Channel Number 5."

**My uncle works in a CB
factory making dials.**

**So what? My uncle
works at a clock factory
making faces.**



**Al: When is the sun's energy not strong enough to affect
CB radio?**

**Pal: When the father's energy is stronger, and he says,
"Turn it off!"**

**Then there was the guy who put his CB mike into his shoe
to hear the tongue talk.**

Kathy: What's the Mississippi River's CB handle?

Lassy: Big Mouth.

C.B.'er: Hi there, good buddy. I'm a B'er and my handle is Schlitz.

C.B.'er Two: Why, you must be the B'er that made Milwaukee famous.

Nud: What do you get when you cross a 4-wheeler with an 18-wheeler?

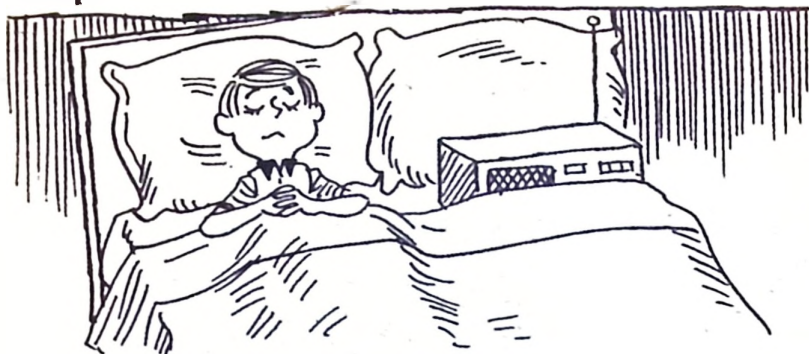
Nick: I don't know, what do you get?

Nud: An 18-wheeler and a very small bump on the road.

Did you hear about the ratchet jaw* who wore her self-winding watch on her chin to keep the mainspring wound?



Then there was the CB nut who took his rig to bed with him so that he could avoid traffic jams when he counted sheep.



18-Wheeler*: Hey, good buddy, what do you get when you cross a bridge with a car?

4-Wheeler*: I don't know. What do you get?

18-Wheeler*: You get to the other side.

Two CB apples* were bragging how far out their rigs reached. "I got Kansas City last week," the first apple boasted.

"That's nothing," crowed the second. "I talked with Chicago last week."

"Big deal," the first one came back "Just yesterday I jawed* with a good buddy in Los Angeles."

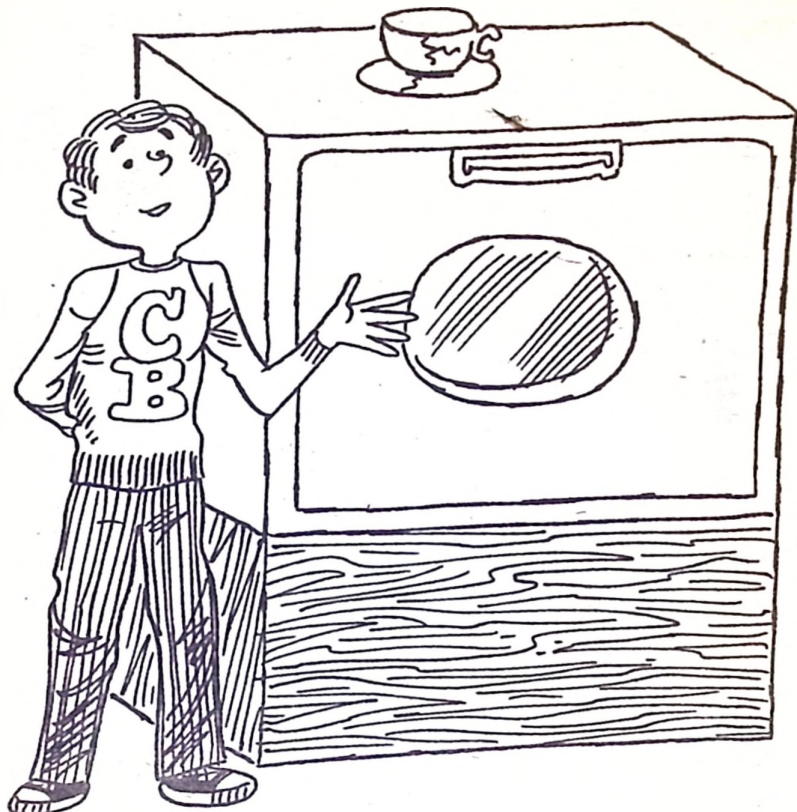
Unimpressed, the second apple replied, "Say, I wonder if he knows the good buddy I was modulating* with in Hawaii?"

The first apple was growing annoyed. "I'll bet you that my rig'll reach out farther than yours any time I turn it on."

The second apple began to roar with laughter.

"What's so funny about that?" the first apple shot back.

The second apple stopped laughing for a minute. "You didn't tell me you were talking about how far you could reach with your set *turned on!*"



Show Off: We've got the biggest CB set in the world.

Show Me: Oh yeah! That I've got to see. Where is it?

Show Off: It's in the kitchen next to the sink.

Show Me: That's not a CB. That's an automatic dishwasher. What gives you the idea it's a CB?

Show Off: Every time you load it with dishes and turn it on it goes, breaker, breaker, breaker.

Mother: What makes you think Grandpa was a trucker?

Son: You said he spends most of his life in the rocking chair*.

Father: In a few years the sun spots will ruin CB radio transmission.

Son: Then why doesn't someone clean them off?

Stumper: What's the world's simplest but most powerful CB set?

Stumped: I don't know.

Stumper: A sea shell. Put it to your ear and you can hear the whole ocean.

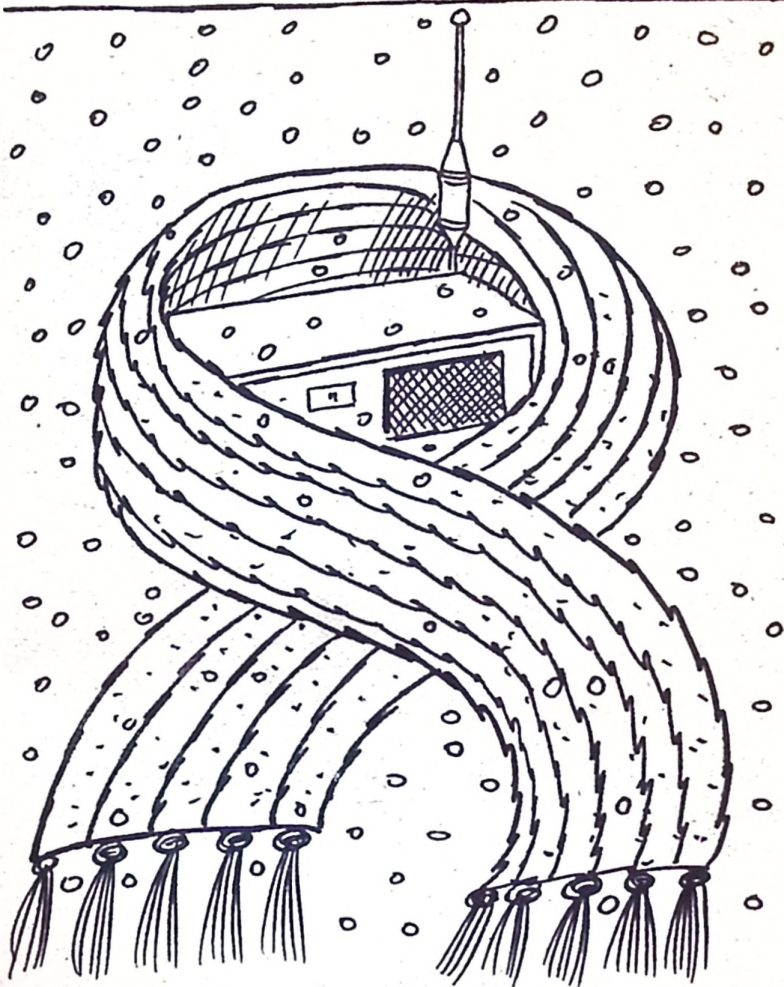


Mutt: Why do you think your CB set is metric?

Jeff: Because it has a meter on it.

Bent Ears: This CB set you sold me hums all the time.
What's wrong with it?

CB Salesman: It doesn't know the words.



Electro Whiz: Why do they put mufflers on CB sets at the South Pole?

Electro Fizz: I give up, why?

Electro Whiz: To keep their ears warm.

Lost Motorist: Breaker one-nine. How do you get to Elm Street?

Go Breaker: I don't go there.

Mobile CB: Does Route 6 go to Cleveland?

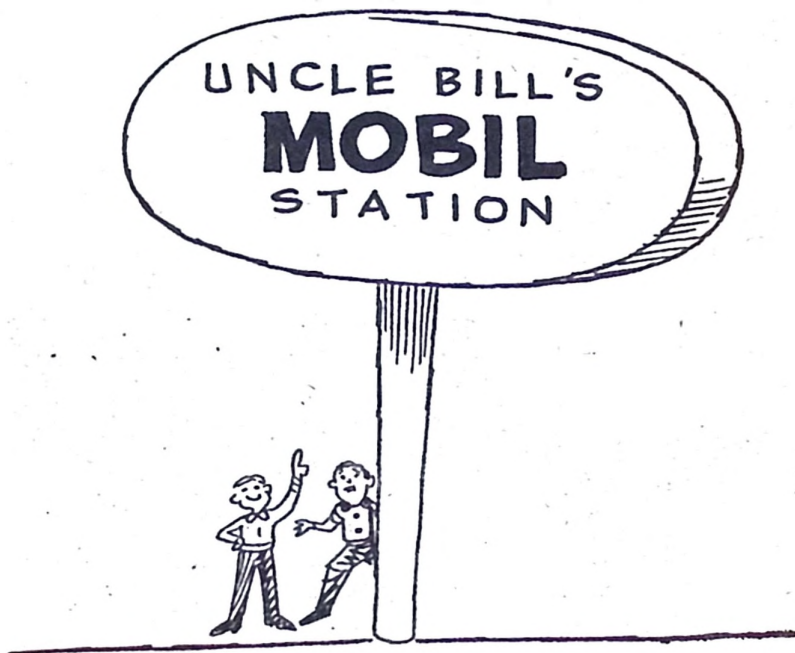
Base Hillbilly: Nope. It just lays there on the ground.

Bragging Al: My uncle has a base station that has everything. It's so big you have to carry it in a truck.

One-Up Manny: That's nothing. My Uncle Bill has a mobile station that's so big you can drive a truck *into* it!

Bragging Al: My gosh! What is it called?

One-Up Manny: Uncle Bill's Mobil Station.

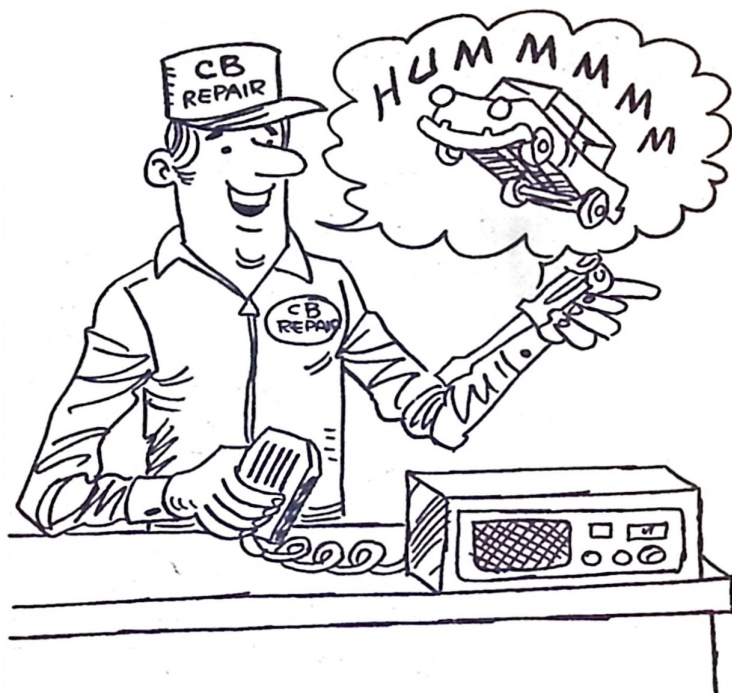


Man Tuning CB Set: Ouch! I think I'm getting arthritis.

Wife: Well, change the channel then. You know I only understand English.

Car Owner: My car hums when I turn on my CB. What would you call that?

CB Repairman: A "car tune."



Big Ears: My little brother is only 9 years old, and he knows how to use a CB.

Big Mouth: That's nothing. My little brother is only *two* years old, and he runs barefoot* all the time!

CB Sal: Break for a 10-36*

Silence.

CB Sal: C'mon back, Herky. I know you're listening. What's the 10-36?

Silence.

CB Sal: Why won't you give me a 10-36, Herky?

Herky: How can I give you the correct time if the second hand on my watch keeps moving?

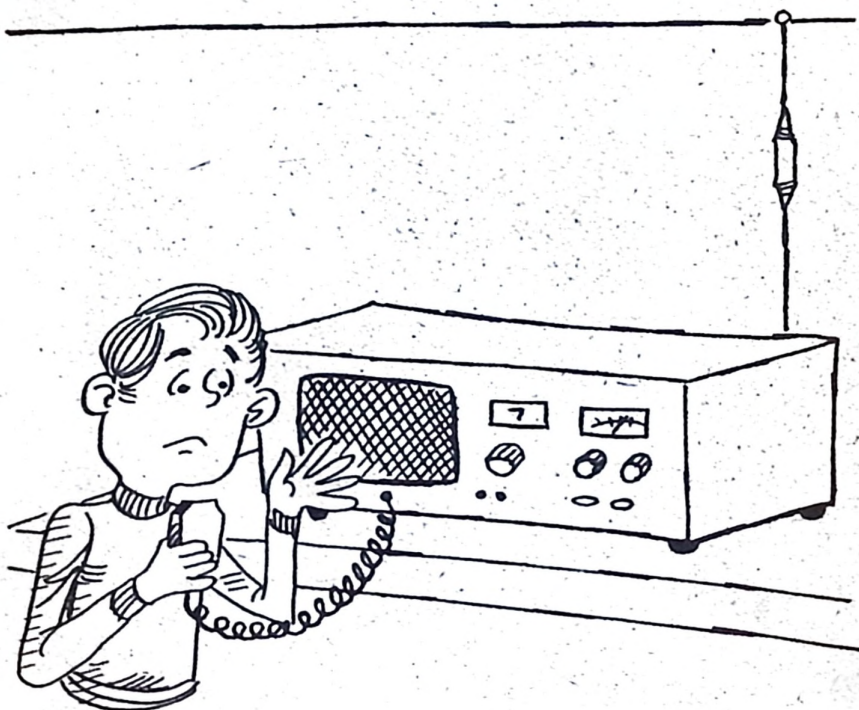
First Boy: I have my father's eyes and my mother's mouth.

Second Boy: You're safe as long as you don't have your big brother's ears.

County Mounty: Thirty days hath September ... and anyone exceeding the speed limit on this highway.

18-Wheeler to a Honda: Hey, good buddy. That's got to be the smallest thing you can drive.

Honda Hal: Negatory, good buddy. On Sundays I drive golf balls.



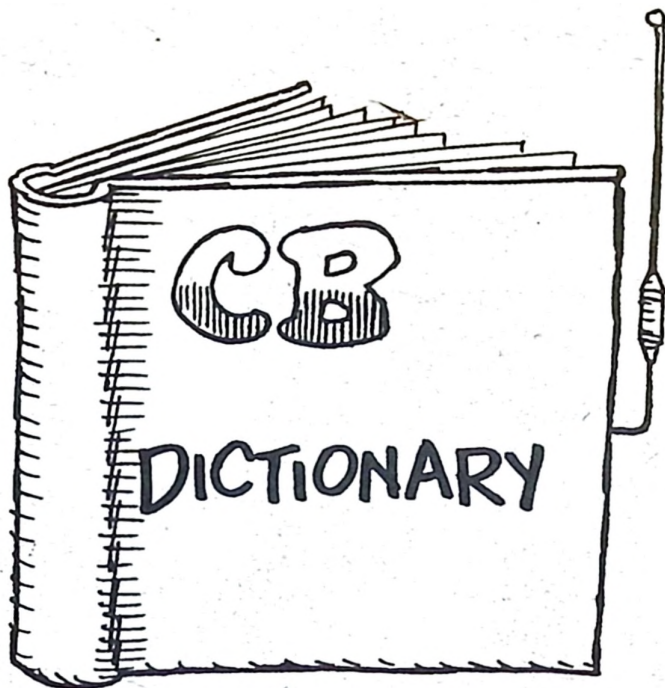
Li'l Pill: Do you hear something funny over your CB?

Big Pain: (Listening very closely) No. Should I?

Li'l Pill: I thought I heard someone choking.

Big Pain: What's funny about that?

Li'l Pill: Most people laugh when they hear a gag.



CB DICTIONARY

ALERT MONITOR: Affiliated League of Emergency Radio Teams member who listens for emergencies.

APPLE: CBer who operates a CB radio illegally.

BACK OFF THE HAMMER: Slow down.

BAREFOOT: A powerful, illegal radio.

BEAR: Police officer.

BREAKER: Request to use the channel; for example, "Breaker one-nine"

BRING IT ON BACK: Please answer.

BUST: Arrest.

COME-BACK: Answer please.

COTTON PICKERS: Friendly term for someone.

EARS: A CB radio.

FCC: Federal Communications Commission; the government agency which regulates CB radio use.

GREEN APPLE: New CBer.

HANDLE: CB name; for example, Rubber Duck, Two-Ton Tillie etc.

JAW: To talk.

KEY: To turn on microphone.

MODULATING: Talking.

NEGATORY: No; for example, "Are you out of gas?" "Negatory."

PUT THE HAMMER DOWN: Step on the gas, speed up.

RATCHET-JAW: Someone who talks a lot.

REACT MONITOR: Radio Emergency Associated Team member who listens for emergencies.

RIG: Truck or CB radio.

ROCKING CHAIR: Middle vehicle in a line of cars and trucks.

ROLLER SKATE: Volkswagen.

STEP ON: To interrupt someone already talking on the radio.

TAKING PICTURES: Police measuring speed with radar.

UNCLE CHARLEY: The FCC; Federal Communications Commission.

Y-L: Young lady.

Y-M: Young man.

NUMBER CODE:

A code of numbers used to simplify radio talk

FOR EXAMPLE: 10-4: Yes or affirmative.

10-13: Request for traffic conditions.

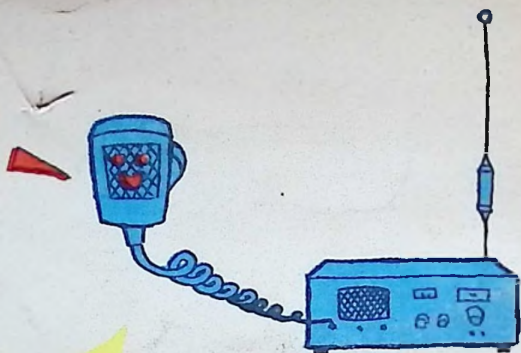
10-36: Request for correct time.

2-WHEELER: Motorcycle.

4-WHEELER: Automobile.

18-WHEELER: Tractor - trailer truck.

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